

Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR



JUNE 1949



SEWING-MACHINE APOSTLE. China slowly builds its squadrons of native priests and Sisters. Each of Maryknoll's four territories in South China has its seminary for Chinese priests, its novitiate for Chinese Sisters.







by John B. Gallagher

THE WHISTLE BLEW and the launch began to pull away from shore while I was getting some last-minute instructions from Bishop Escalante. My packing cases, chests, and boxes were on that launch. There was nothing to do but clamber into another boat and make a jump for the launch. Thus, my departure from Riberalta was far from graceful.

I was on my way to visit the principal points in my Beni River parish, which extends from Ivon, near Riberalta, almost four hundred miles upriver, to Cavinás.

The launch began the slowest trip in the memory of her captain, because of the fact that it was towing a cargo craft, a gasoline launch, and a few canoes. The captain had not

expected to have many passengers, so he hadn't provided enough food. Besides, the cook was new on the job and had few ideas about preparing meals. We had anticipated that situation and had brought along emergency rations. When the launch stopped for wood, I managed to buy fruit in abundance to supplement the meager diet.

We had an indication of the snail-like progress of the launch when we arrived at Ivon the next morning at half past six.



The Author

The trip generally takes five hours, but for us it had taken thirteen!

Each morning of the trip we were able to have Mass. Brother Gonzaga, en route to Cavinass, rigged up a shelter with blankets. Actually, the wind was the only danger. The passengers were devout and many were delighted with the novelty of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice on a launch. Each evening we had song fests, accompanied by a guitar. After a couple of nights, the timid souls took courage and some even tried to harmonize.

The natives love to read and smoke on a trip like this, but they generally forget to bring along reading matter and cigarettes. So I lent several copies of a *Bible History* to passengers and crew, and we passed out many packages of Derby cigarettes.

Towards sundown of the second day, we drew into a little clearing in the jungle where some poverty-stricken Chamas Indians live. At first one would deplore the backwardness of these people, but actually they are making great progress. They even had guns to supplement their bows and arrows.

Their bodies were smeared with dyes and soot, in order to ward off sickness and reduce the fevers to which all are subject. These people walk on the sides of their feet as though paralyzed. When traveling, they usually sleep on islands or on

the beaches very close to the river.

Our interpreter told them that Papa Juan would return and tell them all about Papa God, and that he would make their offspring, children of God. That pleased the Indians, and they presented me with a chicken. They were delighted with the holy cards

and cigarettes I gave to them in return.

While cargo was being unloaded at Concepcion, I was happy to celebrate Mass in the principal building of the barraca. The owner begged for a visit of at least a week. He feels a personal responsibility for the spiritual welfare of his people. Following up such a request will surely produce results. These people feel the lack of religion but have little idea as to what it implies. They have many good qualities that can be developed, and the grace of God will take care of the rest. On the same day, I visited Exaltacion and Copacabana, spots I must cover in July.

As the launch sailed on up the river, we saw many crocodiles in the water and on the banks. The captain tried to kill one, but his aim was bad. He had more luck with turkeys and ducks.

There was an Evangelist family on board. They had been treated at the Sisters' hospital in Riberalta and were appreciative. Nevertheless, the aged mother let it be known

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

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Father Gallagher blesses a woman suffering from an incurable eye disease

that drinking and smoking will lead only to hell. Her daughters did not seem so convinced; I found one of them smoking while Mama was sleeping. I prefer to avoid arguments with these people, but it is worth while to chat with them individually and explain the doctrine.

My arrival at Fortaleza six days after leaving Riberalta surprised the natives. But the reception was spontaneous and friendly.

Don Jose Mercada, administrator of this barraca, has shown considerable interest in improving the setup. He had workmen build a fence, thus enclosing a small back yard. The fence was necessary to keep the horses, cattle, pigs, and

sheep out of the chapel! Now I shall be able to plant a small garden and fix up some sort of playground for the children. They are enthusiastic about having a boxing ring, horizontal bars, and a seesaw.

In the evening several older boys came around for a bit of victrola music and a class in geography. I give a short doctrine instruction in connection with evening prayers. And I hope to form a Catholic Action group among these boys. But first of all, it will be necessary to re-teach them to read. They have had only two years of formal schooling, and must do men's work at the age of eleven or twelve. Life is not easy here in the jungle.

Date of Study One day in 1936, a young mother came to a Catholic church in Japan with a tale of monumental woe. The pleading in her eyes and the hopeless tenor of her sorrow are still too vivid after all these years, to be forgotten by the one to whom she confided her secret fear.

A name she had, this sweet-faced Oriental girl, but it was not her own. In reality, she was nameless. And that was the burden of her grief: she had no name, and the infant on her back could have no name because his mother had been nameless.

Race and Nationality Blossom of the High-Pine (as she had called herself one day long ago in childish fancy) was one of those little ones whom the Japanese chanced upon, after their annexation of Korea in 1910: abandoned waifs; children without parents, without homes, without love; children akin to Romulus and Remus; children like those still found in post-war Russia. "The wild children of Korea," their Japanese captors had called them.

At the age of three, Little Blossom lost her mother. Her father, a poor, uneducated, itinerant jobber, had moved from place to place, always carrying Little Blossom with him. Sometimes he tarried a while in a village where work happened to be plentiful, and then Little Blossom had a home with whoever was kind enough to take her in for the pitance that her father offered. On one of these occasions, when the father had gone to a neighboring hamlet to do a job, he suddenly fell

ill and went to his reward. When he did not return to the village where he had left Little Blossom, the unwanted child was given to other people, who did not keep her long. Such was the history of her tender years: she was passed from hand to hand, like so much baggage having only a nuisance value.

Individual Status From the age of six, Little Blossom was a "wild child" in the truest sense of the term. Abandoned, she straggled from door to door, from village to village. On occasion, kindly people gave her temporary shelter, and fed her, too; but in that remote region of a poverty-stricken land, Little Blossom was only another mouth. As such, she was generally unwelcome, at least for any length of time. So the wide world became a home to her who had no home in the world. The unfortunate child was obliged to share the tool shed

A CASE

NAME:

ADDRESS:

AGE:

by

HISTORY

Blossom High-Pine

Shiga County, Japan

17 years, 6 months

Everett F. Briggs

of the farmer or the lean-to of his ox; or when better fate afforded, the outhouse or doorway of some home without a dog. She drank from the torrents that made their way down the mountainsides to the terraced rice fields below. She ate what kind people gave her; stole what careless shopkeepers neglected to keep from her; or helped herself from the meager garbage piles along the weary route of her interminable wanderings.

Growth and Years passed — years
Emotional full of bitterness,
Development eternities full of
terror — until at
length Little Blossom's childish fright
at the myriad voices of the night
gave way to trust and companionship.
Wild child that she was, she
had become one with nature, equal
to the struggle for survival. Soon
the growing girl was big enough to
attract the attention of those who

grind the faces of the poor and unfortunate. She had better shelter now, better food, too; since she was able to earn them by the toil of her little hands. More frequently she experienced a modicum of kindness — because many employers find it easy to be considerate of one who does an adult's job for a child's pay. Little Blossom began to look up; for the first time in her life, she felt a sense of belongingness. "My name is Blossom, of the house of High-Pine," she made bold to tell her last employer.

It was not long, however, before this family — the kindest people whom the child had chanced to meet in her years of wandering — decided to emigrate to Japan, the land of promise beyond the straits. Little Blossom could not bear the thought of losing her only friends. When the family's scant possessions were bundled aboard a boxcar, the heart of the child grew faint lest she be discovered en route to Sunrise Island.

And so it came to pass that Little Blossom arrived in Japan — delivered to the door of an amazed laborer's humble shack. There, during the next two years, Blossom helped about the house, proving herself adept at mothering the small children of the family.

Occupation Then Blossom went to work in a near-by silk mill. The flower of her childhood was well-nigh crushed in that mad world of industry, where men were rated less than machines. But she was a breadwinner now, and it made her feel that she was no longer a

burden, but a contributing member of her adopted family.

Thus Blossom grew, from twelve to sixteen years of age. Then it was time to marry. In keeping with immemorial custom, her protectors chose two "go-betweens," who in due time recommended an eligible spouse. The "look-see" was arranged. And one fine day Blossom's heart almost skipped a beat, as she beheld her young and robust Prince Charming striding down the lane, clad in his rough work-clothes. Ah, this unsuspecting son of the soil was to be her man!

Religion Several months after her marriage, Blossom was introduced to Christianity by a Catholic neighbor — a certain Mrs. Middle-Ricefield — who one Sunday morning took the young wife to the Lord of Heaven's church. Blossom's almond eyes grew wide with wonder, when she heard the old, old story of the Divine Child who was born

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in a cave. She heard how, long centuries ago, God's Son had tasted sorrow like her own. How could she ever pity herself again?

When Blossom's child was born, her happy husband wished to register both their marriage and the birth of their son. But on one terrible day at the City Hall, the young mother could give no proof of parentage or name. Consequently, she could look forward to a divorce.

Solution So Blossom had come to the court of last appeal — the Church. Her tale of sorrow told, she waited for the pastor's reply.

"Go, Blossom, to the City Hall," said the pastor. "Tell them your name. And if they ask for proof, just say: 'Go, Honorable Sir, to the Catholic priest. My name is written in his baptismal book!'"

Little Blossom breathed a sigh of relief. Her baby was mischievously plucking at her raven hair. Now her man child's middle name would be High-Pine.

Sou Chan Hears from His Mother

SOU CHAN, the proprietor of the famous House of Chan restaurant in New York City, hadn't made contact with his mother for decades. Then along came Father Arthur Dempsey, Maryknoller of Peekskill, New York. Father shot reels of movies of Sou, and took spools of Chinese conversation on a wire recorder. Returning to his mission in South China, the priest called on Sou's old mother. He lost count of the number of times he had to replay the film and the conversation, for the old lady and a host of relatives. Then pictures were taken and messages recorded in the Chinese home, and in due time they reached Riverdale. "Very nice to see Mother!" says Sou Chan.

ORPHAN ALLEY



This winsome young lady is Ko Tak. When she was born, her parents did not want her. They carried her into an alley in Yeungkong, South China, and left her at the gate of the foreigners. So Ko Tak became a resident of Orphan Alley, in the home for the parentless opened by the Maryknoll Fathers and conducted now for almost thirty years by the Maryknoll Sisters. "I want to study to be a teacher," Ko Tak told me. An intelligent little miss, this abandoned waif of Maryknoll's Orphan Alley!



A pioneer of the Yeungkong orphanage and blind home is Sister M. Beatrice, a sister of Maryknoll's Father Bernard F. Meyer. Many a net maker of Orphan Alley owes her skill to the patience of this daughter of Iowa.

The Net Makers

Of the 60 girls in the Yeungkong orphanage, 21 are blind. These blind are the net makers. Day in, day out, they sit in the courtyard and make fish nets. First they prepare the hemp. This they roll into balls of thread, and then they proceed, with miraculous speed and light-hearted ease, to weave their nets.

I have been here only a few months, but I find it a rare joy to visit these sightless workers. What smiles, what gracious remarks, what calm tranquility pervade their circle. "Blessed are the poor in spirit," said the Lord, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." I got to know the meaning of these words by chatting with the net makers. Drama, suffering, dread, horror marked their journey to Orphan Alley, but now happiness is their lot.







I remember the day Heung Ling arrived. I walked into the orphanage and saw this withered, emaciated girl sitting on a small stool. She had just been brought in from the street, and Sister gave her a seat. She cried pitifully. I looked around for something to cheer her, and since there was no toy at hand, I gave her some colored papers. She stopped whimpering and in a moment was smiling at Sister. Tough, these Chinese! This little-creature may some day be as attractive a young lady as Ko Tak. Regular eating works wonders. — THE END.

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

The Seven-Storey Mountain, by Thomas Merton, who is now a Trappist monk in the Monastery of Gethsemani, Kentucky, deserves careful reading. One of its passages in particular should cause us to say a contrite "*Mea culpa!*" The author is speaking of how close his father was to becoming a Catholic, at one time. He writes as follows:

"He would have felt less hesitant if he had only had some Catholic friend of his own intellectual level, someone who would be able to talk to him intelligently about the Faith. But as far as I know, he had none. He had a tremendous respect for the good Catholic people we met, but they were too inarticulate about the Church to be able to tell him anything about it that he could understand — and also, they were generally far too shy."

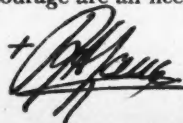
"Too inarticulate" and "too shy." Most of us must admit the validity of this accusation. And — "tell it not in the streets of Ascalon" — even missionaries, whose very vocation should exclude both "vagueness" and "shyness," are sometimes guilty of losing opportunities, which never return, to encourage others in their search for truth.

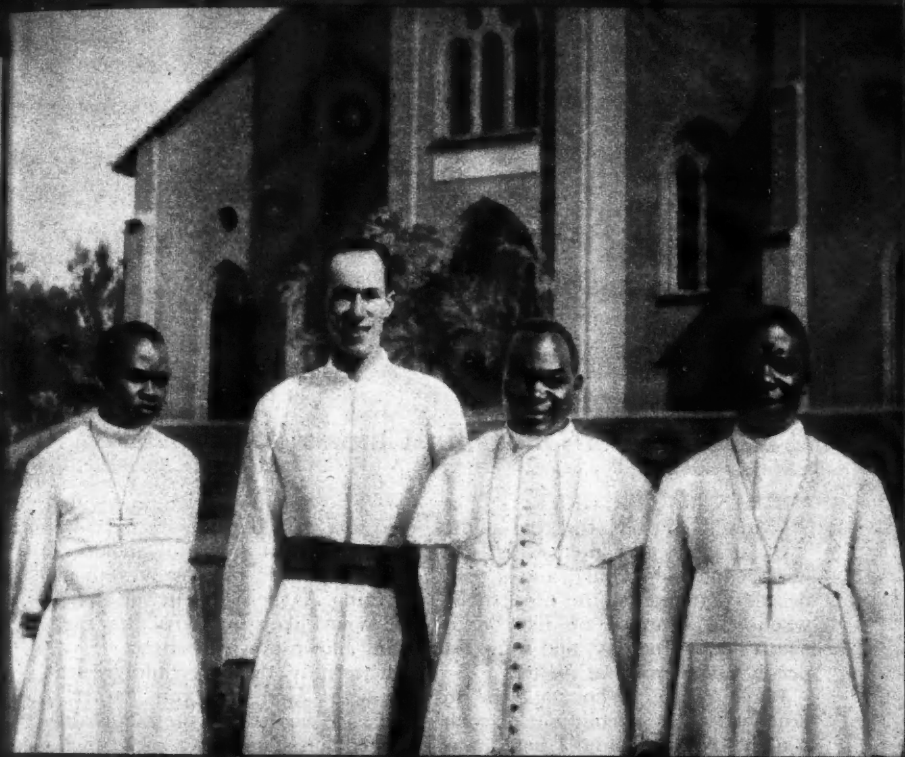
The complaint of Thomas Merton is not an uncommon one. There is a great tendency, peculiar to many American Catholics, to avoid "talking shop." Fearing to offend by what

might be considered impertinence, we often end by failing to do our duty, and another soul is left by the wayside. There is a great deal of latitude between "tactless interference" and a "sympathetic approach." We could all use to advantage more definiteness and more courage, each of which means more charity.

Another fault most Catholics are unconscious of is a certain cocksureness that comes from the conviction that we are right. The conviction is good, but it can be obtrusively offensive.

Witness how it affected our author. Having begun an argument on religion with a very fine and very Catholic French couple and proclaimed that every religion was good, their reply was, "But that is impossible!" Then he goes on, "It was a terrible, a frightening, and a very humiliating thing to feel all their silence and peacefulness and strength turned against me, accusing me of being estranged from them, isolated from their security, cut off from their protection and from the strength of their inner life by my own fault, by my own ignorance and my uninstructed Protestant pride." The word "uninstructed" is not the least significant in the quotation. Kindness, sympathy, patience, tact, definiteness, and courage are all needed.





A CALL ON BISHOP KIWANUKA

Across Lake Victoria from Maryknoll's mission in Africa is Uganda, which of all the regions of the continent, is farthest advanced in the Faith. In the photograph is His Excellency, Bishop Joseph Kiwanuka of Masaka, Uganda, (second from the right), with two of his African clergy. Maryknoll's Father Joseph Bayless is paying the Bishop a call.



Scooter Mary

by R. Russell Sprinkle

No March of Dimes for China's Polio Victims

THE BITTER CRYING of a child churned the cold night air. It was winter, when the north wind blew chilly, and a cold drizzle pattered on the tiled roofs; when you wrapped up like Santa Claus during the day, and snuggled deeply under quilts at night.

Why? Where? Who could be so cruel as to leave a child out on such a night? For the sound I heard was not the piercing staccato of a newborn babe; it was a powerful wail. I went out of the house to find the cause, but the wailing had ceased.

Bright and early the next morning, I was crossing the street and still wondering about the crying I had heard in the night. Then, coming towards me, I saw a little Chinese girl, about eight years old. She was not walking, not even crawling, but was "scooting" along, using her hands as pushers.

Her little, polio-twisted, and withered legs were purple with the cold. Her small but powerful shoulders and arms were practically without covering. As she swung herself along, she looked like a bundle of dirty rags being blown down the street.

Cheerfully, the poor child greeted me with "God bless you, Father!" Then she scooted into the chapel and hoisted herself up onto a back bench.

At the sound of her voice I knew she was the one who had been crying in the night. I recognized her, also, as a cripple I had seen in Paksha during the summer. She was not a professional beggar's child, but had begged in the market place two days a week. The other days of each week she had spent mostly in our mission chapel or in the women's house — where she was sure of getting a good meal.

Previously the "scooter girl" had

been better dressed, but on this winter day her clothes looked as if they could not bear much more scooting. I remembered that occasionally better-dressed

children used to watch her struggling along the street and used to laugh with glee when she scooted through some puddle of dirty water, or into some pile of cow or pig manure. Such are the hearts of pagans!

Polio strikes its victims harder in the Orient than in the United States. In China the victim usually dies; and those who live are pitiable objects, with their twisted helpless legs. There are few Orientals who care for such sufferers. There is no "March of Dimes" in a pagan land as in our Christian America, because there is no love of neighbor for the love of God, in the pagan soul.

In a pagan nation, we find few pagan-operated hospitals, staffed by self-sacrificing doctors and nurses, supported by munificent gifts to give polio victims renewed hope and a new lease on life. Paganism as such is full of selfishness. The wealthy

It Hurts . . .

To be hungry hurts just as much in Asia, as in America or Europe. Our Lord knowing it ordered us to feed the hungry. From the Maryknoll Charity Fund our missionaries feed tens of thousands of starving folks. Your donation to the Fund will make you their partner.

keep their property and gifts. Doctors and nurses, uninfluenced by the tenets of Christianity, are little concerned about helping those who survive polio, unless they

can pay. Few patients are able to pay.

I went to the local police, to learn why this little crippled girl was not being cared for by her parents; why she had to sleep on a pile of straw in the street, during cold weather.

The police officer's answer was typically pagan: "Her parents are too poor to feed her. She does nothing but eat; she can't walk, and she never will be able to work. No one will ever marry a person who merely scoots along the ground. Her affairs are not our concern." Then as a sort of afterthought: "You take care of her, Father. She could watch the door of the women's house at the mission."

So the little polio victim has been living at the mission ever since. Before she came to stay, she had learned all the public prayers. Now she is looking forward happily to receiving Baptism and First Holy Communion.

A Book by the Maryknoll Canonist

ALMOST every Maryknoll Missioner in the field today received his training in Canon Law from Father Francis J. Winslow, M.M., J.C.D., who for a quarter of a century has been on the Maryknoll Seminary faculty. Now Father Winslow is putting his rich experience into books. His latest, **The Pauline Privilege and the Constitutions of Canon 1125** may be ordered from The Maryknoll Bookshelf at \$2.



Father Winslow

The Maryknoll Roundup

Fancy Goal Posts. "Today," reports Father James A. Flaherty, of Philadelphia, Pa., "we took the youngsters of our parish for an outing to Tiahuanacu. That place is the seat of the most ancient civilization in South America, dating back to about 200 A.D. The ruins of ancient Bolivia are not very impressive; only some huge stone columns, scattered about. Our Indian lads weren't interested in archaeology or the arts or the great heritage that is theirs. They spent the day playing soccer in the old market place, making use of the hand-carved columns for goal posts."



Father Flaherty

Bubble Trouble. "One day I found a tube of material for making plastic bubbles in my desk drawer," writes



Father Buttino

Father James V. Buttino, of Cortland, N. Y., now in Wuchow, China. "I innocently blew three or four bubbles, about the size of bowling balls, and threw them out the window to a small group of boys in the street. In a few seconds, there was a large crowd, not only of children, but also of men and women, too, all shoving to catch one of the bubbles dancing about in the air.

One woman ran into her house and returned with a basket, which proved to be of no help to her. I decided to cease firing when a man and a boy almost came to blows over a bubble they both caught at the same time."

Walls Beware. "Here in Tanganyika, we hired a native to drive our new pick-up truck," relates Father Louis I. Bayless, of San Jose, Calif.

"The new driver is an ex-soldier who said he did plenty of driving in the Army. He drove cautiously out of our back yard, but in so doing, he took the gate and a good section of the front wall along with him. When he saw bricks tumbling past the cab, the driver stopped immediately, but then it was too late. Our back wall had been down for some time, because of a building project. Now part of our front wall is down, also; thus we are left exposed to the nocturnal intrusion of wild beasts."



Father Bayless

Hmmm! The genealogy of the Blessed Mother was mentioned in a class taught by Father Frederick J. Becka, of Cleveland, Ohio, now stationed in Wuchow, China. "That Mary was the descendant of David was accepted without question. Little Paul Wong was proud of the fact that he knew Joachim and Anna were

Mary's father and mother. 'Did Mary have any brothers or sisters?' I asked. 'No,' Paul answered. I pinned him down with, 'Who told you that?' Paul blurted, 'God told me!' Hmmm! Could be. I know I never told him."

Not That Tough! Father Joseph E. Early, of Scranton, Pa., now in Guatemala, wondered whether the



Father Early

fleas were so tough that even DDT was ineffective. Father had sprinkled the powder over the floor of his mission house the night before; in the morning the powder was gone. That night he tried again, with the same result. But next morning he noticed his houseboy looking at him strangely. Inquiry revealed that the houseboy was wondering how the house got so dirty every night, covered with a white powder he had to clean up!

Pied Piper. "A most unassuming person is Father John Bradley, of San Francisco, California, yet he has the

confidence and love of all the people in Temuco, Chile," writes a fellow missionary. "When Father saunters out; he is immediately surrounded by a group of youngsters. He is the pied piper of this town. It is a rare day when at least a few do not drop in to consult him. His zeal is outshone only by his congenial nature and his patience. What more could one want in a spiritual Father?"

Starting from Scratch. "Since I came here to Yokkaichi, Japan," says Father Edmond L. Ryan, of Dorchester, Mass., "I have been living in two rooms rented from one of the wealthy families in the town. Rented is hardly the word: I haven't paid a cent yet! The owners are happy to let the Church use the rooms. We have been negotiating for a piece of property right in the center of town, and at last the deal is closed. Before spring we shall have a home of our own, we hope. We look forward to the day when we can raise the cross over Yokkaichi and teach the people there to love it."



Father Ryan

WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS?

IN THE PACIFIC

JAPAN — In the Prefecture of Kyoto.
KOREA — Temporarily in Seoul (Vicariate of Peng-Yang closed to Americans).
MANCHURIA — Diocese of Fushun.
SOUTH CHINA — Dioceses of Kongmoon, Koying, Wuchow; Prefecture of Kwelin; also in Diocese of Hong Kong.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS — In Diocese of Honolulu.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS — Postwar work as yet undetermined.

IN LATIN AMERICA

BOLIVIA — Vicariate of Pando; also in La Paz, Cochabamba, and Santa Cruz.

CHILE — In Dioceses of Talca, Chillan, Temuco, and parish in Santiago.
PERU — In Diocese of Puno; among Chinese in Lima.

CENTRAL AMERICA — In the Huehuetenango region of Guatemala and in two other areas of the north.

IN AFRICA

TANGANYIKA — In Vicariate of Musoma-Maswa.



GOOD-BY,

MY W

anxious to get back to Soloma. On the mountaintop where I had left him, I found my old horse, Rosillo, waiting for me. I had a surprise for him and showed him his new saddle and bright, red-and-yellow saddle blanket. He was proud as a king for he liked flashy colors. He stood patiently while I adjusted the saddle.

As I looked at him in the bright sunlight, I thrilled to think that he was mine. Instead of coming home by the old trail (how I wish I had!) I decided to have a look at the new road.

THERE WILL NEVER be another Rosillo. Maybe it's a sign of weakness to cry over a dead animal, but the tears fell for he was a great horse, and he died because he trusted me.

This unique and rather foolish habit of mine of traveling alone over Guatemalan mountain trails nearly caught up with me the other day. If I had but wrapped the rope around my hand or if my foot had caught in it I should not be writing this account now; instead, I should be lying peacefully in the bottom of a ravine with my smashed-up horse.

I was returning from the city,

THE INDIANS have been working on a new highway for twenty years. At the present time, they are encountering very rocky and very dangerous territory, with sheer drops of a thousand feet. Two Indians have been killed in plunges over the mountainside.

Down the new road Rosillo and I went galloping, with full power on

WONDER HORSE

An experience
that will touch
your heart

by J. Edmund McClear

every level spot. We passed the little crosses marking the spots where the Indians fell over; we sped by the big rock that juts up a hundred feet into the air. And then we came to the end of the finished section. I noticed a footpath leading off and concluded that it must connect with the other finished section, which descends to the little pueblo of San Juan Ixcay.

I DISMOUNTED and began to lead Rosillo along this path. There were places he didn't want to go, and a big fallen tree he didn't want to jump, but always a gentle pull on the rope induced him to follow me. Soon the path became worse, narrower and steeper. I didn't wish to retrace my steps but decided it was the only thing to do.

And then it happened. It happened fast, but every instant is vividly mine. I can't forget a single detail. I was perhaps ten feet above Rosillo, with twenty steep and treacherous feet more to go to reach a ledge. The horse paused, sensing danger. Then the fact dawned on me: we couldn't turn back, because the trail was too narrow — and probably we couldn't get to the ledge.

Before I could decide what to attempt, Rosillo made a wild scramble

up the bank, trying to reach me. He made it, but slipped in doing so and fell in the trail at my feet. I could see that he was scared, so I bent down and patted his nose and talked gently to him. There was terror in his eyes; he was slipping back; I was losing my beautiful Rosillo. I dug a place for my heels, and pulled on the rope with every ounce of strength I could muster. Rosillo made one mighty effort — rose nearly to his feet — and then plunged over backwards. I hung on to the rope; I never felt it tear the skin from my hands. I heard my horse crash in the underbrush; I saw him a hundred feet or so below, clear in the air; and I saw him hit rocks for the final time.

HALF CRYING ALL THE WAY, I scrambled down the mountain-side. When I got to Rosillo he was still breathing. I removed the bit from his mouth, and took off the new saddle. I reached to pat him, but it was too late. He looked grand to me even as he lay dead. Carrying the saddle and blanket, I began to make my lonesome way up the mountain. I paused and looked back. Once I had thought only little boys cried at times like that, but I guess we're all little boys at heart.

The Maryknoll Family

BACK IN 1912, Father James Anthony Walsh, of Boston — who, with Father Price of North Carolina, was engaged in founding Maryknoll — bought a piece of property on the Hudson River near Ossining. It was to be the site of the future foreign-mission seminary.

To pay for the land, Father Walsh prepared a little card that he called a land-slip, on which he printed 100 squares. Each represented a square foot of land and a one-cent contribution. "Every land-slip filled means a hundred feet nearer freedom," read the card; "a dollar off our mortgage."

Recently the mailman brought us a letter from Medford, Mass. In it was a dollar bill and one of the 1912 cards! On the card was scribbled a message: "Hope I'm not too late. I just found this card."

No, not too late. The land is paid for, thank God, but part of the Seminary is yet unfinished; we can use the dollar nicely.

RECENTLY MARYKNOLL'S Superior General, Bishop Lane, sent the new plaque of Our Lady of Maryknoll to each Carmelite monastery in the United States. Back came a chorus of pledges renewing the promise of fervent prayer. From its earliest days, Maryknoll has sought the aid of the Church's master pray-ers, the contemplatives.

"We are deeply grateful and happy," wrote the Carmel of Philadelphia, "to have Our Lady of Maryknoll here in Carmel, to remind us each moment of our duty to pray for your missionaries. Not that we need a reminder, for some of us (the older ones) remember even the beginnings of your work and how very earnestly we accepted the blessed privilege of praying for you."

"The plaque is exquisitely lovely," wrote the Carmel of Mobile, Alabama. "It will be a constant reminder of Maryknoll and its work, although, truthfully, no reminder is needed. Since Maryknoll's inception, the writer and those associated with her have been vitally interested in each little detail of the progress of its work."

WE DON'T WORK MIRACLES at Maryknoll, but God evidently uses Maryknoll as an occasion for miracles. We had a letter from San Francisco recently, which, while it does not claim a miracle, relates a very generous heavenly favor.

"Some time ago I sent you the price of a mule," said the writer. "I sent it for the love of God and to lift the Padre's feet off the ground. Having thrombosis phlebitis, I knew something about feet that hurt. I mailed you the check in the evening; next morning, to my surprise, the clot from which I was suffering had

disappeared, and the sore vein was perfectly normal. I've had no trace of it since. I could not help but think that God would not be outdone in generosity."

WHO GOES OVERSEAS? Every member of the ordination class wonders. At the turn of the year, Maryknoll priests in the field totaled 308, and overseas Brothers were 15. July's Departure Day will boost these figures.

Odds and Ends

STRANGE GADGETS have crept into the hallowed precincts of the modern seminary. The other evening a visiting priest wandered into the Maryknoll conference hall and was astounded to find 250 seminarians staring intently at the empty rostrum. On the rostrum table was a wire-recorder apparatus, which blasted forth an excellent address that had been delivered to a seminarians' convention at Brighton, Mass. last summer by Bishop John J. Wright, of Boston. Its theme: "The priest should be close to his people."

OTHER NEW-FANGLED EQUIPMENT has appeared in our Seminary, in the way of *Bendix* washing machines. Squads of seminarians during manual-labor hour are organized to wash a

thousand pounds of laundry a week. The saving for the year will go into thousands of dollars. But mystifying things are happening: one man put in shirts and underwear, and out at the other end came a pailful of socks!

THE LOCALE of the new Maryknoll film, "The Miracle of Blue Cloud County," is in the South China mountains, where Maryknoll-in-Wuchow is witnessing a lively convert movement. Fathers Joseph Hahn and Robert Winkels did the filming. During one of their back-country journeys, bandits attacked the river boat on which they were traveling, and Father Winkels received a bullet in the leg. Even the film business has special hazards in South China.

Letter of the Month

Thousands of interesting letters come to us monthly. The following is voted the "letter of the month."

DEAR FATHERS,

Sometime ago I began giving the Maryknoll magazine to a non-Catholic friend. She has just told me that the reflection of Christianity in action, which she found in its pages, influenced her more than any "preaching" to become a Catholic.

How happy this makes me, for it is a token of all that I have most admired in Maryknoll. The warm spirit of love of the missionary for his people, the interest in their daily life, that something which makes the true priest the idol of his people and a symbol of God's love and charity, the spirit of Christian gaiety that only souls truly at peace possess — all these I find in *The Field Afar*. It speaks for an apostolate, but its very columns themselves carry on a marvelous apostolate.

Sincerely,

A.V.R., Washington, D. C.

They Fashioned Him a Paper Crown

ANGELO

by Robert E. Lee



Poor Pancho Sulub's little baby, Angelo, died the other day. Pancho, in so far as his means would permit, gave Angelo a funeral worthy of one whose white soul had winged its way to heaven.

Pancho's neighbors, of the village of Xhazil (Yucatan), helped him fashion a small coffin of rough planks; the women mixed some blueing to dye the box the color of the skies. The girls fashioned some colored papers into a crown for Angelo's head. One even made a scepter of the same paper, to be placed between his tiny, joined hands. Angelo's mother lovingly wrapped him in new cloth bought from a passing merchant.

All the while, Pancho's kindly old grandmother, who is partially blind, chanted from her time-worn leaflet of the Novena of the Virgin: "*Suba, suba, suba . . . gece de su reine.*" ("Ascend, ascend, ascend . . . take joy in they reign.")

The procession, led by Pancho, bearing the family ceremonial cross, slowly made its way to the grave. While Pancho's big form shook with sobbing, the coffin was lowered. Then a homemade bomb was exploded, and an enormous white cloud arose. One Indian explained: "This salute released the soul of Angelo from its body prison, and wafted it away to its eternal glory."

Heavy on the *If* Quiz

MATCH YOUR WITS with that small word *if*, which often has a big meaning. 8-10 correct: you are tops on the If Parade. 6-8 right: you

are heavy on your If's. Less than 6 — well, let's not go into that. Correct answers are below. No peeking and beware of trick questions.

1. If you visit Holland, you will see many sabots. They are:

- ☐ (a) pointed hats
- ☐ (b) gaily colored mittens
- ☐ (c) wooden shoes

2. If you are a regular reader, you know our missionaries come from:

- ☐ (a) East Coast States only
- ☐ (b) East and Midwest only
- ☐ (c) all parts of the U. S. A.

3. If you lived in Patagonia and went to South America, you would:

- ☐ (a) fly east
- ☐ (b) go west
- ☐ (c) stay right there

4. If you frighten a dodo bird, it will:

- ☐ (a) fly away
- ☐ (b) run for cover
- ☐ (c) make faces at you

5. If you visit the elephants at the zoo, you can recognize the ones from Africa:

- ☐ (a) by their long trunks
- ☐ (b) by their big ears
- ☐ (c) by their colored tusks

6. If you meet a man wearing a fez, you know he's from:

- ☐ (a) Ireland
- ☐ (b) the Moslem world
- ☐ (c) inside an igloo

7. If you owned a hansom, you could use it to:

- ☐ (a) play a tune
- ☐ (b) shine your shoes
- ☐ (c) go for a ride

8. If you have a tuning fork, you find it useful in:

- ☐ (a) eating salad
- ☐ (b) carving a roast
- ☐ (c) getting the correct pitch

9. If you see the Big Dipper, you are:

- ☐ (a) near a well
- ☐ (b) watching an acrobat
- ☐ (c) up on astronomy

10. If you bought a phoebe bird, you would be purchasing:

- ☐ (a) a broom
- ☐ (b) a wastebasket
- ☐ (c) a flycatcher

QUIZ ANSWERS. 1. (c) Sabots mean wooden shoes, in Holland. For its size, this tiny country sends out more missionaries than any other country. 2. (c) Forty States have native sons in Kentucky. 3. (c) Patagonia, a primitive mission land, is at the very tip of South America. 4. (b) A dodo is a bird that can't fly, so it would run. 5. (b) African elephants have big ears. 6. (b) The fez is the national hat of Turkey—center of the Moslem world. 7. (c) A hansom is a horse-drawn carriage. Hansoms are usually associated with England. 8. (c) Getting the correct musical pitch. 9. (c) Astronomy. Too many people in this world don't know and love the One who made the stars. 10. (c) Phoebe birds love to eat flies; they are called flycatchers.

Ordained at Maryknoll 1949



Fr. JOHN M. SCHIFF
Bronx, N. Y.



Fr. JAMES F. HYATT
Edmonds, Wash.



Fr. JUSTIN MAURATH
St. Louis, Mo.



Fr. VINCENT T. MALLON
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Fr. THOMAS J. SHEA
Berkeley, Calif.



Fr. FIDELIS GOODMAN
Rochester, Minn.



Fr. FELIX J. MIGLIAZZO
Los Angeles, California



Fr. PETER PETRUCCI
Farmington, W. Va.



Fr. THOMAS VERHOEVEN
Monroe, Mich.



Fr. GEORGE HIRSCHBOECK
Milwaukee, Wisc.



Fr. JOSEPH E. AVERY
Cambridge, Mass.



Fr. GERALD ZIEGENGEIST
Plymouth, Mass.



Fr. JAMES R. DYER
Ossining, N. Y.



Fr. ARTHUR J. DWYER
W. Somerville, Mass.



Fr. JAMES BOGLARSKY
Detroit, Mich.



Fr. EDWIN McDEVITT
Pawtucket, R. I.



Fr. FRANCIS DE MASI
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Fr. JEROME A. TRETTEL
Bowling, Minn.



Fr. L. SCHANBERGER
Baltimore, Md.



Fr. EDWARD McGUINNESS
Newark, N. J.



Fr. ROBERT O. MOORE
Bronx, N. Y.



Fr. JOSEPH J. O'NEILL
St. Albans, L. I., N. Y.



Fr. JAMES M. O'BRIEN
Belmont, Mass.



Fr. FRANCIS COLLINS
Philadelphia, Pa.



Fr. JAMES TOKUHISA
Los Angeles, Calif.



Fr. EDWARD T. MANNION
Bronx, N. Y.



Fr. FRANCIS L. RYAN
Marathon, N. Y.

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries for the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

This Month's Cover

THE INDIAN ON OUR cover has probably never seen such a simple convenience as a water faucet. Certainly this gentleman in the highlands of Bolivia can't afford such a luxury for his wife and family. He works many hours a day, hauling drinking water from the well. That jug on his back holds more gallons than could be loaded on a burro.



Good Men to M

THE MINDS AND HEARTS of the Catholic people all over the world increasingly turn to the mission work of the Church, as it becomes better known and more real to them. We are three hundred and fifty million people, scattered in every corner of the globe, and it is good for us to think of each other.

The Catholic world thinks with affection of its missionaries — of its priests, Brothers, and Sisters who have the immense privilege of representing Christ in mission lands. It thinks with pride of their success; and with solicitude, of their needs and their struggles. The missionaries think of the strength and vigor of the Church in their home lands.

But the thoughts of neither one nor the other stop there. Both together think much more about something else. They think of an uncompleted task, of a great debt they owe their fellow men. They think of a billion souls who pass their lives without the one thing that makes life worth living: the knowledge and the love of Christ, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

BOTH IN AND OUT of the Church there are some persons who think that the mission program is slow, impossible of realization, or even altogether inappropriate. Missioners themselves think it is slow, but they do not think it is inappropriate. They believe it is the paramount duty that solemnly confronts the whole Church everywhere and all the time, and no time should be lost in getting on with it. They believe this primarily, of course, because of the pre-emptory manner in which the Saviour commanded it.

to Make Men Good

They also know, from both faith and experience, that their program is radically essential to the welfare of mankind, and that no decent and livable world can be fashioned without it. Thus missionaries see their work as a service of love to the Firstborn among many brothers, and as a duty of elementary mercy to His brothers and theirs. To serve God and help men, is the motive that animates missionaries. And they think there is no practical way of helping men except through the promotion of God's plans.

THE MISSIONS, implementing the charity and the grace of Christ, labor to make good men. There is nothing that the world, or any country in it, needs quite so much. The men, not the walls, make the city. The city that the missionaries are trying to build is a world of unity, equality, and brotherhood. They will not be able to build it in a day, or in a lifetime. It requires the work of long years and even of centuries.

There is every reason for the Catholic people to be proud of their missionaries who carry the truth of Christ around the world, often at great personal cost. The missionaries' vocation is divine, their work is vital to the health of the Church, and their over-all program is the world's best hope. Their progress is good, on the whole; but it is well to remember that they are not all Xaviers, and that they need the support of many Catholics in other walks of life, for their perseverance and success. The whole strength of the Church is needed for the mission task. When the prayers of those at home are added to the zeal of the workers in the field, there arises a co-operation that will surely achieve victory.

THREE MINUTE Meditation

*"One of the soldiers with a spear
opened his side . . ."*

(John xix:34).

YOU don't need any special help to recall that publicity is highly developed in our day. Millions of dollars and thousands of man hours go into campaigns to sell new products.

Publicity is an invention of the mind of man. But we must remember that God, who created man's mind, has ideas of His own when it comes to advertising. He goes about it in a way that is different from the ways of man. Consider just one example:

Many years ago, God wanted men and women the world over to know more about His Sacred Heart. What did He do? He appeared to a young Frenchwoman, shut away from the world in a cloister. To Sister Margaret Mary Our Lord confided the task of establishing the devotion to His Sacred Heart.

Perhaps an advertising executive would question the technique of Christ's plan. But not if he is wise, for Christ's plan worked. The First Friday devotion is very much a part of your life and mine. This month we shall celebrate the Feast of the Sacred Heart. Good Catholics all over the world make Holy Hours to expiate the crimes committed against the Sacred Heart.

Conclusion: Something that would please the Sacred Heart a great deal would be a remembrance, in your devotions, of a need that is uppermost in the mind and heart of Christ. This need is the task of missionary advertising whereby every person in the world will be won by grace to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

THE FAITH BOUNDS BACK

"THE BISHOP

is coming! The bishop is coming!" This word spread around the countryside in a short time. It had been years since the last pastoral visit. The people were excited and pleased because their spiritual shepherd was coming to visit them. They made arches of flowers in the plaza and even as far as six miles down the main road.

Huascos (Chilean cowboys) rode in from all sides, colorfully dressed and mounted. More than a hundred of them went galloping down the road to meet the bishop. The rest formed two lines from the pueblo's main entrance to the church, two blocks away. Even the local police were there, mounted also, to receive the bishop. His Excellency's car could hardly be seen, it was so completely surrounded by *huascos*.

At the entrance, His Excellency got out, clad in his episcopal robes. He walked to the church, giving his blessing to all. It was a momentous day for the little pueblo of Portezuelo; there had not been so much excitement since the earthquake.

This parish is out in the country, in a good farming section. These Catholic Chileans strove manfully to pre-



by Vincent M. Cowan

serve their Faith in the days when they had no priests. They could not receive the sacraments, but they tried to instill good qualities in their children.

I had proof of that not long ago, when two young seminarians dropped in to ask for letters from the pastor,

stating that their conduct during the vacation had been exemplary. They are brothers — Tarcisius and Alexander — who entered the seminary almost five years ago, when our Father Plunkett was pastor here. To make their recent visit to me, the two brothers journeyed twenty-five miles by horseback.

Since Maryknollers took over this parish, three boys have gone to the seminary and three girls have gone to the convent. Native vocations are the answer to every missionary's prayer. He knows that soon there will be other priests to help in the harvest of souls. Native priests and religious are of much more value than we foreigners, for they know their people — their language and customs — better than we ever could.

After each Mass and after every other service in the church, we pray for vocations. Many of our parishioners have developed the custom of

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praying in their homes for more laborers for Christ. They believe that one "Hail Mary" daily will do wonders in fostering vocations.

I wish you could have been here on the day when over one hundred little ones of the parish made their First Holy Communion. They had been coming to catechism faithfully every Sunday afternoon; many of them had traveled five or six miles, summer and winter, to learn their catechism and prepare to receive their Divine Lord. As yet we have no school in the parish, and we are not permitted to teach catechism in the public schools.

Besides their spiritual reward, the youngsters received a material reward for their fidelity. The mayor of the town wished to help with this reward, so with his assistance, we arranged for a picnic at the beach of Dichata, which is only a few miles away. For these country children it is as far as Oklahoma (my home State) is from California. They have less chance ordinarily of visiting the beach than the Indians in Oklahoma have of seeing the Pacific Ocean.

I agreed to supply the transportation, and the mayor promised to furnish the food. On the day of the picnic, I was up at five to say Mass. Lo and behold, almost all the children were present, not having slept all night! At the Offertory, we all heard a rumble and then a terrific noise. The sounds announced an earthquake! In a split second, the church was emptied.

Happily the quake was only a minor one, and we did not need to

The Cook's Son



Father Richard B. Rhodes, of Tung-shek, South China, votes for the cook's son. He particularly likes the huge handkerchief pinned, by the youngster's daddy, to the little suit. "The kiddo is a walking edition of Sunny Jim," says Father Rhodes. "He's a bit of a pest but wonderfully good-humored."

postpone the picnic. By ten o'clock all were at the beach. The boys and girls were in awe at the majesty of the ocean, the sight they were seeing for the first time. Lunch was prepared and it disappeared quickly. The afternoon was spent playing games, both in and out of the water.

At five o'clock our train came. It was already dark when we reached the Confluencia station. Our truck was waiting to carry us on the last lap homewards. The remaining twenty-eight miles were quickly covered, and we reached our pueblo about ten o'clock. The children were tired, but very, very happy.

IN MEMORIAM

IF you are not wealthy, this suggestion is for you!

A millionaire may endow a hospital in memory of his son. A rich widow may give funds for a library, so that future generations will recall and bless her dead husband. A prosperous merchant may set up a loan fund for employees, to perpetuate the name of his partner.

But people of small means have sons and husbands and friends who die; and they love and admire such persons, and want them gratefully remembered. Only lack of money prevents their building worthy memorials. Perhaps you, too, have someone who deserves remembrance.

Why not combine with other persons like yourself? Why not add many small sums, to produce a great total?

The Maryknoll Seminary at Glen Ellyn, Illinois, is being built to train young Americans to be missionaries—front-line soldiers of the Faith, to

preach of Our Lord where He is unknown. The new seminary is being built with small contributions from persons of moderate means like yourself.

No rich man's name will be upon its cornerstone; instead, the book of the Recording Angel will list the countless small-gift donors who made possible its building; or the names of sons, husbands, partners, mothers, brothers, friends, in whose memory they made their donations. What better memorial could you find?

Every contribution is important and welcome, large or small. A \$1 pane of glass will help protect a \$10,000 laboratory; \$1,600 will provide sleeping, eating, praying, and study space for one seminarian.

A limited number of plaques will be placed on doors or walls, to commemorate specific gifts. We shall leave it to the angels to record all donors' names on the imperishable books of eternity.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York.

Herewith find \$..... toward the building of Maryknoll's Seminary at Glen Ellyn, Illinois, to train young men as missionaries.

Name.....

(Please print)

Street.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

☐ I should like to join Brick-a-Month Club. Please send me a monthly reminder.

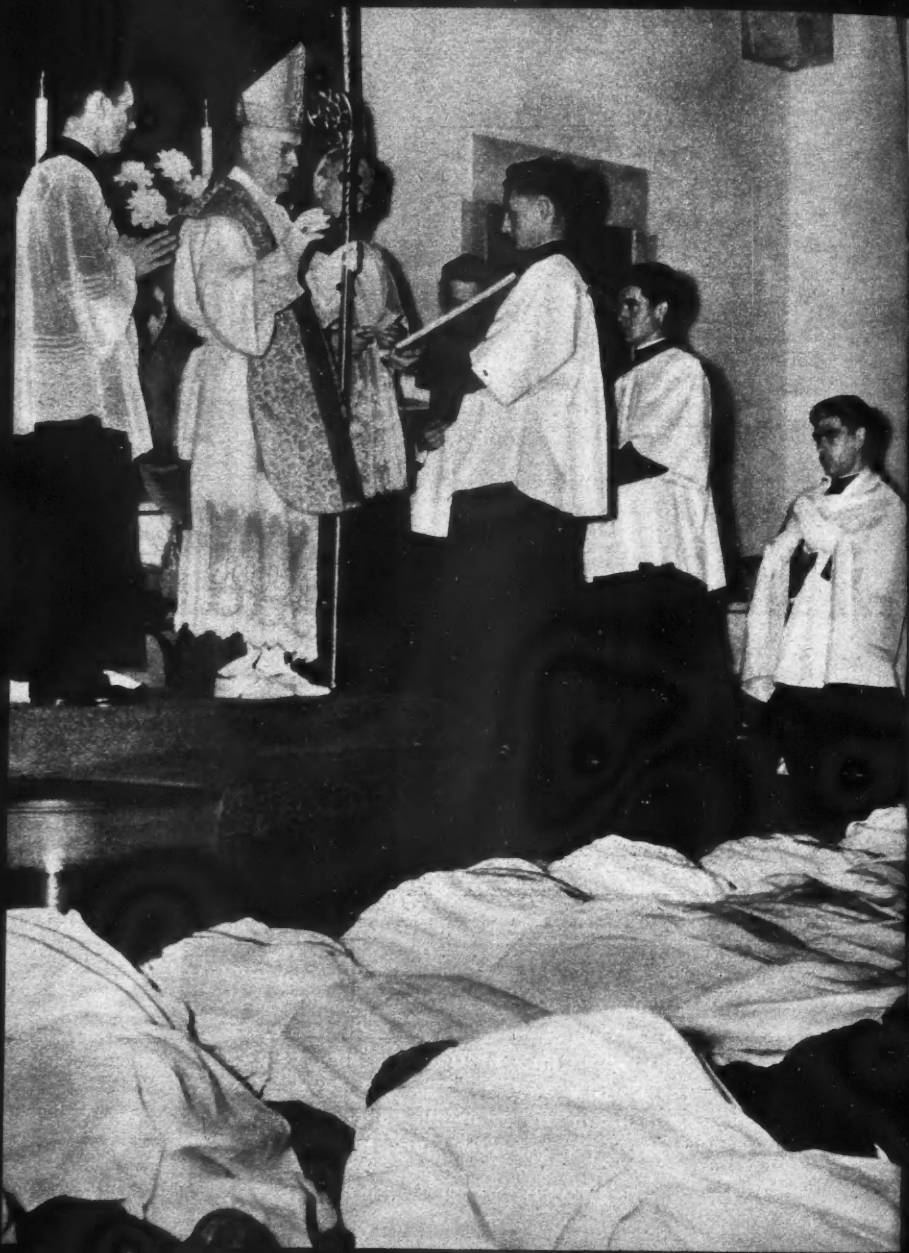


Unforgettable Days

Each June, at Maryknoll, a group of young men are ordained priests. For years, they have studied, worked, and prayed for this day when they officially become couriers of Christ's doctrine. The first days in the priesthood are moments never to be forgotten. For one such story, turn the page.

PHOTOS BY VINCENT J. PALUMBO

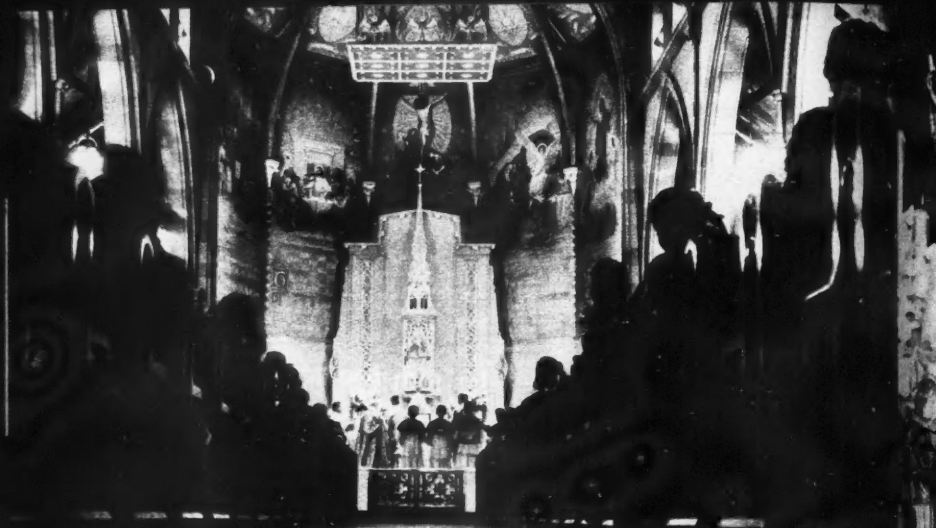




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In the group of priests-to-be (left) prostrated before Bishop Raymond A. Lane is Deacon Charles Schmidt of Brooklyn, who entered Maryknoll in 1939. After the actual ordination (above), the hands of Father Schmidt are annointed with the oil of catechumens by Bishop Lane, and then bound with linen (right) by Father John Comber, Seminary rector.

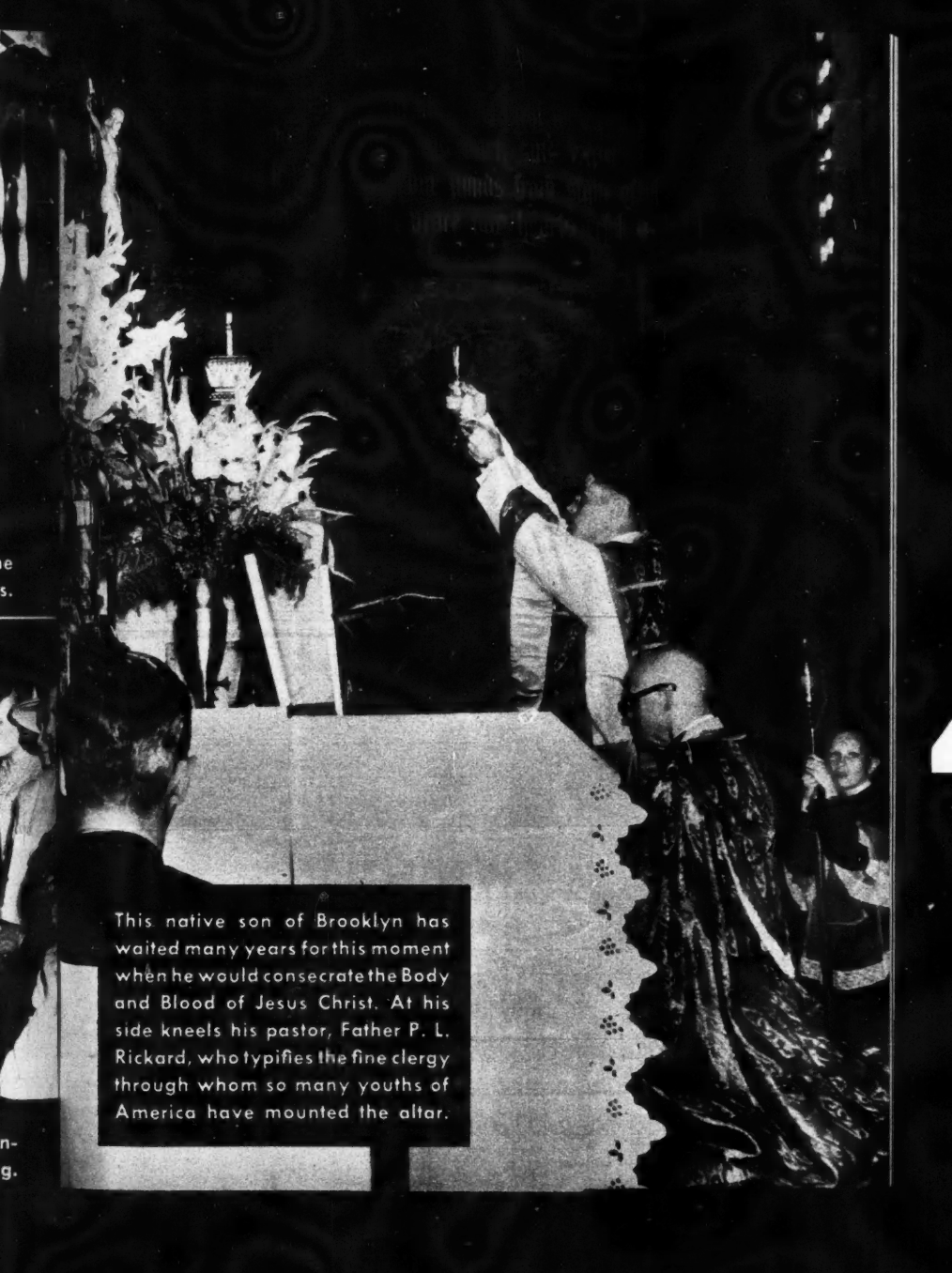




The next act in this ancient drama takes place in the home parish of the new priest. At Holy Cross, Brooklyn, Father Schmidt sings his First Mass.



Friends and relatives, who have watched him grow from boyhood to manhood, from student to priest, crowd the sanctuary to receive his first blessing.



This native son of Brooklyn has waited many years for this moment when he would consecrate the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. At his side kneels his pastor, Father P. L. Rickard, who typifies the fine clergy through whom so many youths of America have mounted the altar.



Final act in the drama of these unforgettable days comes a month later. Then Father Schmidt receives his missionary's crucifix and assignment to Kweilin, China, from the Bishop, as his classmates and fellow missionaries (right) look on.





ONE-WAY TICKET!

FROM China, Japan, Africa, Central and South America, and other parts of the mission world, come calls for more American priests. It is tragic that, in this hour of opportunity, America cannot send forth all the missionaries needed to fill the demands. However, Maryknoll has some who are prepared to go. Let us speed them on their way! This month a new group of 27 young Americans are being ordained at Maryknoll, and all are anxious to go to the missions. But they need tickets, one-way tickets. That need means approximately \$500 each. And 27 x \$500 comes to a big sum. Any gift, large or small, will be welcome and will help these missionaries to go out in the name of Christ. Theirs will be the glorious task of serving some of the millions over the earth who hunger for God's blessings.

If you will supply the funds, we will see that the missionaries get going.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

I enclose \$_____ to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missionary to his field of work. I wish him success!

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Juvenile Delinquency

I Call It

by James E. Fitzgerald

THINGS HAVE COME to a pretty pass, indeed, when a missionary can't pray in his own chapel without having his pocket picked!

The other evening was warm and sticky after intermittent rain all day, and I didn't put on a cassock when I went to the chapel for night prayers. I knelt in a rear pew, with my elbows on the back of the bench ahead, and my face resting in my cupped hands. Part of my mind was trying to follow the chant of the prayers, and part was distracted with recurring thoughts of the day's events in this Wanfau (South China) mission.

During the recitation of the litany, I became aware of someone beside me. Perhaps there was a slight sound; perhaps I just sensed the presence. Then to my great surprise, I felt a hand very lightly enter my pocket. The shock of it instantly cleared my mind. In the next instant, I had a pretty good idea as to who was picking my pocket. I spread out my fingers, slowly turned my head, and

took a peek. Sure enough, it was Frankie, a tough character who is often found loitering around the mission.

Frankie was standing close to me, his shaven pate gleaming in the dusk. There was a happy smile of anticipation on his face as he seemed to be "getting away with it." His right arm was buried nearly to the shoulder in the deep pocket of my old khaki trousers. As I watched he suddenly chuckled: he had struck pay dirt. Out flashed his hand — with the rosary beads that Mother Mary Joseph had given me.

My hand flashed out, too. Surprisingly, I recovered the rosary with no struggle at all. Frankie, who is just three, had had a busy day, and his interest in crime was already waning. As I put the beads away, Frankie sat down on my kneeler, his back to the altar and gave a prodigious yawn. Then he leaned against me, closed his eyes, and settled down for a little nap.

Frankie's father, my Chinese catechist, is already planning for the future. He hopes that one day Frankie will be a priest.

Frankie belongs to a pretty tough gang, though. I learned recently that he and his chums have been working a real Chicago-style "protection" racket on my cook.

"Kick in, pal, or else — !" they tell him.

"Or else what?" asks the cook, with mock trepidation.

"Or else we'll play under Father's window and make a lot of noise during the siesta hour!"

Juvenile delinquency, is what I call it!

AFIELD with the **MARYKNOLL** **SISTERS**

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

In New York's Chinatown, the Maryknoll Sisters stationed at Transfiguration Parish found that many Chinese war brides would like to learn English. So the Sisters organized means to draw those non-Christian young women in our own land to know the meaning of the Church. One of the brides came from near Wuchow, China, where other Maryknoll Sisters are stationed. "You must write to your family there," urged Sister. "Tell them you are studying at the Catholic church here. They may meet our Sisters in Wuchow."

"There was quite a bit of competition at Cochabamba during catechism class the other afternoon," writes Sister Anne Marion, from Bolivia. "One might have thought the animals in the vicinity were having a protest meeting, disputing our right to use that part of the great outdoors for classrooms. We didn't mind the cows, or the sheep with their solemn black faces. But the goats gave us trouble — their antics kept everyone distracted and laughing; they struck all kinds of amusing poses, and when there was nothing else to do, they began butting the unsuspecting sheep

from behind. The only possible lesson we could teach that afternoon was the parable about the separation of the sheep from the goats at the Last Judgment."

Sister Mary Fidelis and two members of the Legion of Mary went to Atab for Mass this morning. Sister is stationed in the Philippine Islands. She reports that thirty Igorots received Holy Communion, and fifteen of them were adults. It was inspiring to see these descendants of head-hunters so close to Christ.

Three Little Urchins

On our evening walks, we have been meeting three Chinese urchins whose home is the street. Last evening, as we said the Rosary while walking, one of the three urchins explained, "They are praying." One of us smiled, and the comment came in Chinese, "One is smiling." It was followed in a minute by, "Now two are smiling." This was too much for us. We all broke out laughing. —Hong Kong Sisters

"The school, of course, is the reason," explains Sister Fidelis. "Could you but see the school! It is a long, narrow building of rough wood with some of the old school's castoff roof. The inside of the room is very dark most of the time, for the few windows are of the dormer type and must remain closed during the rainy season.

"However, the children have done well. They have not only learned the A B C's but have absorbed a good deal of religion, and they have managed to interest their parents in the Catholic doctrine."

In Loting, South China, Maryknoll Sisters are in charge of an orphanage. This is a full-time occupation, ordinarily, but Sisters Colombiere and Monica Marie decided to take on another task recently. One of the orphan girls who had been married returned to the mission for the feast of Easter and brought her sister-in-law. The girl, whose name is Anna Tse, invited the Sisters to return with her to visit the village and family into which she had married.

"On Pentecost Monday," writes Sister Monica Marie, "we packed a lunch and started out. There were four of us, and we chatted among

ourselves or with the women we met along the rice-field paths. Many women asked Anna to look them up when next she would be going to the mission, so that they might accompany her for a look-see. At the edge of a stream, we removed our shoes and stockings and lifted our habits to avoid a wetting as we forded the shallow stream. The cool water felt good to our hot, tired feet.

"We reached the village and Anna's house just as it was getting dark. The mother-in-law — ruler of a Chinese home — and all the family came to greet us, as did many of the non-Christian friends. The neighbors asked numerous questions about the queer-looking foreigners. They wished to know why we had come to their country, and if we spoke Chinese, and whether or not we had hair under our odd headgear. Most important of all were the questions about the meaning of our crucifixes.

"We were glad of the opportunity to tell those good villagers about God and His love for all mankind. After supper we sat out of doors, chatting for several hours under the stars. Again we were able to bring many Christian ideas into the conversation."

MARYKNOLL SISTERS

MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Dear Sisters,

I should like to help your work of spreading the Faith in foreign lands. My offering \$_____ is enclosed.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

I will offer _____ days of my ordinary work and prayer for the Maryknoll Sisters each month.

I will send \$_____ a month, to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister, as long as I can. Of course, I understand I may stop this help whenever I find myself unable to continue.

The Chinese miss at the right seems very shy. But Sister Moira knows how to handle situations like that. Here she wins a new friend for Christ in Wuchow City.



Below is a picture from our side of the world. Sister Agnes Virginia is shown teaching English to two Chinese war brides in New York's Chinatown.





Dissertation on Roast Chicken

by William J. Collins



I USED TO LIKE roast chicken, but not any more! My change of taste began the other day when just as we were sitting down to a chicken dinner, in rushed the mission house-boy, shouting, "The Sisters are on fire!"

In Kowak, Africa, that meant that there was a fire in the compound of the girls' school, where native Sisters used to live. We all jumped up and ran over. A corner of the thatched roof of one house was burning briskly. When a thatched roof is on fire, there is only one thing to do: start throwing out everything in the house. When we arrived, we saw beds, pots, pans, and protesting chickens flying out the doors.

We started stripping near-by thatched roofs, but there was a strong wind and the flames gained on us. Running around like frightened chickens (there's the chicken idea again!), the girl students kept bumping into each other. I tried to remove the door of the house where the fire had started, but it slammed — with me inside and flames over my head! The door stuck, but fortunately someone came along soon and released me.

Activity was transferred to other houses. Benches and tables were thrown out; windows were ripped

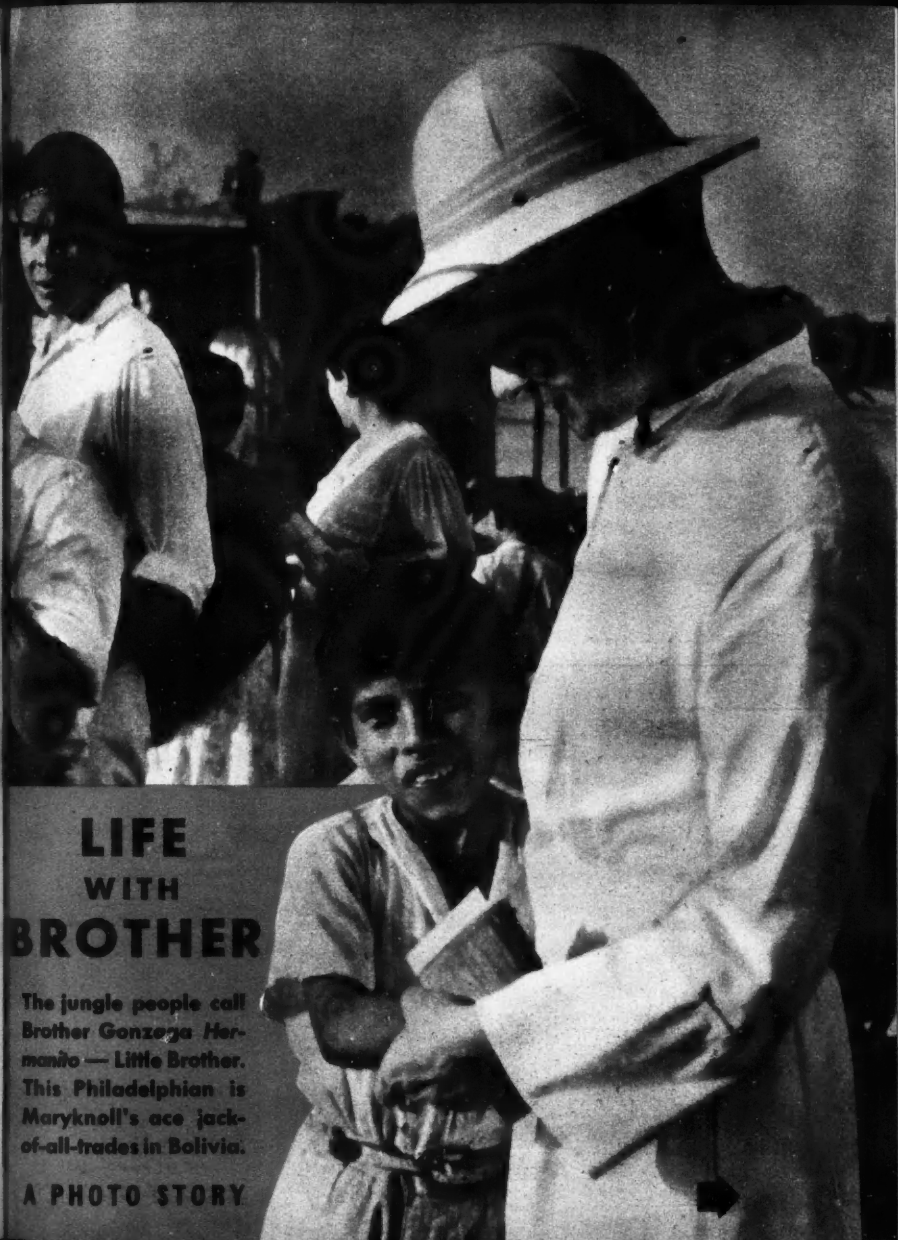
off. By this time the flames had jumped the gap from the first house, and had started devouring eagerly the second roof. In exactly twenty-five minutes, all the roofs of the compound were burning furiously. In three quarters of an hour the roof supports had toppled in.

The schoolrooms did not suffer, because they were covered with corrugated iron sheets. The destroyed houses had been used for sleeping quarters of catechumens, and for the kitchen and the storeroom. Now we have plans to renovate the largest house that burned and make it over into classrooms. We will prudently use aluminum sheeting for the roof—if we can get the money to buy it.

The blaze was set off by sparks from the fire of a native woman who was cooking a chicken. When we returned to our table to finish eating, our chicken dinner did not seem appetizing.

After all the tumult and shouting had died down, and the shadows of night had fallen, only occasional flurries of sparks could be seen. It was then that some schoolgirls came to ask me about a pressing problem. And what do you suppose they asked?

"Father, where are the chickens going to sleep tonight?"



LIFE WITH BROTHER

The jungle people call Brother Gonzaga Hermandó — Little Brother. This Philadelphian is Maryknoll's ace jack-of-all-trades in Bolivia.

A PHOTO STORY



Working out of Riberalta, Brother is skipper, crew, and dry-dock man for the mission's chapel boat. He's at home on the Beni River, making regular trips to the various mission stations to fix a roof, or build a new high altar.



He
kill



He likes the Beni, says it reminds him of Philadelphia's meandering Schuylkill. Oftentimes he takes the altar boys out on the Beni, to hunt crocodiles.



Brother Gonzaga's work is varied. Today he may be assisting Monsignor Danehy administer confirmation, as he assisted (right) Bishop Escalante before the latter took up temporary duty in Mexico. Tomorrow he may move off with another missionary to some outpost, as above with Father Gallagher (see page one). His only regret is that there are so few Brothers to help.



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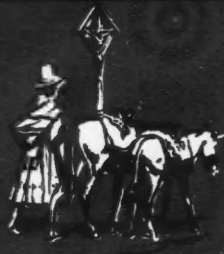
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MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

Weather or Not. The seminary Father Hirst is building to train future Chinese priests has 120 openings for windows. The cost of windows, to keep out rain is \$1 apiece. Interested?

Father Gorden Fritz, Bolivia's busiest buzz-boater, needs a \$300 outboard motor to take him to the scattered Indian settlements along the rivers. Souls there cannot be reached in any other way — and they are well worth reaching!

Brother Albert, in China, is making men out of underprivileged boys and is teaching them trades to enable them to earn their living. Brother needs tools and machines for instructions. Can you assist him with a gift of \$4? or \$10?

Figure It Out! Father Fedders writes from China: "A priest or Brother should be teaching mathematics at our college here, but we have not enough to spare one for this service. We employ a good Chinese teacher, but must pay him \$500 a year. Please help us raise this sum, as the man really needs this salary, and we really need him."

Vigil in Japan. "We need," writes Father Thomas Barry from Japan, "two dozen vigil glasses — Pyrex if possible — red, blue, green, amber, opalescent, and clear; and some 15-hour vigil lights. We need, also, a black cope." To stimulate devotion in Japan, who will spare \$5 for these needs?

In a Mission School, children learn to read, write, and figure — and to love Our Lord. Bishop Donaghy needs teachers at \$25 monthly, for his schools in China. Do you care to co-operate?

Benediction Candelabra — two, costing \$6 each — will complete the altar fittings of Father Dirckx's church in Chile. Who will give \$12?

To Sleep on the Floor — to write standing up — both are possible, but not advisable for schoolchildren. That is why Father McNiff requests \$12 for beds and \$12 for desks, for the trade school he operates in Chile.

Give a Crucifix! Orientals find crucifixes inspiring and comforting symbols of the new religion they have embraced. Can you assist Father Maynard Murphy to supply crucifixes for his converts? A suitable size costs \$2.50.

Clever Fingers of Bolivian women will make altar linens for Father David Walsh's mission — if Father will give them the cloth. The cost will be \$50.

"Send Us the Tools," says Father Leo Connors, "and we'll build this new mission in Guatemala!" He needs hammers, planes, saws, a level. He can purchase them for \$100, to build a church that would cost thirty or forty times as much with hired skills. What a bargain!





Maryknoll

Missioners in Japan Request

\$5 each for church pews

\$6 for a mosquito net

\$10 for set of altar cards

\$15 for tabernacle veil

\$25 for Mass hosts

\$25 for altar cloths

\$30 for Mass wine

\$35 for sanctuary lamp

\$40 for confessional

\$50 for ciborium

\$50 for Christmas Crib

\$75 each for church windows

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\$100 to spread Catholic literature

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